Pretty Mary

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      D                          G              D
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
                                  G      D
So fare thee well darling, I'm going away.
        D                          G            D
Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,
                                 G          D
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.
         D                                G            D
Pretty Mary, Pretty Mary, would you think me unkind
                              G              D
If I were to see you and tell you my mind?
      D                        G              D
As sure as the dew drops on the green corn,
                                 G         D
Last night I was with her, tonight I am gone.

My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
So fare thee well darling, I'm going away.
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